A REVIEW OF THE STATE OF THE BRITISH NATION.

Saturday, January 1st 1709.

IN travelling thro' the Wilderneſs of Forgery, in the moſt ſcandalous Author that ever was ſuffer'd to write in this Nation, I am come to one of his MODEST AFFIRMATIONS, the Truth of which, is much about as Demonſtrable as all the reſt of his Diſcourſe; it is Pointed at the *Diſſenters*, and is very much a Kin to the Bloody Flag, and the Banner of Defiance.

The Allegories, which the *ſhorteſt Way* was the Expoſition of, and in which all the World is left to judge of his Manners.

Can any Man have the Impudence to ſay, The Book Intitled, *The ſhorteſt Way with the Diſſenters* was an Injury to the Church of *England*? If this Man ſpeaks the Language of the Church—— But the Church has ſpued him out, as an Enemy to her Sovereign, and as an Enemy to her Eſtabliſhment, an Advocate for Tyranny, which the Church of *England* has trampled under her Feet; a Preacher of the falſe, nonſenſical, abſurd Doctrine, of abſolute Subjection and Arbitrary Government, which the Church has exploded; *The ſhorteſt Way* is a meer Expoſition of theſe Men's Politicks, and was no Injury to them at all.

This is not the firſt Time, the *Diſſenters* in *England* have been dreſs'd up in the Skins of Beaſts, that the Lyons and Tygers of the High Church might devour them, according to the merciful Method of their modeſter Brethren the *Pagans* of old.

The

The Charge is very short and terrible.

There is nothing but Rebellion preached in all the Meeting-Houses in England, Rebearsal, N°. 20.

A clever, concise, and extensive Speech indeed this is —— NOTHING BUT Rebellion —— And ALL the Meeting Houses; had he said there is *some* Rebellion preach'd there, and in *some* of the Meeting-Houses, a Body might have let it go as a Random shot, that flew at every Body, and hit no Body; but that all the *Dissenters* preach Rebellion, and that all the *Dissenters* preach nothing else; this is very hard.

And *First*, May I not with as much and far more Truth say; the *Rebearsal* is a Blasphemer, since by this way of Discourse he lays it down, That the preaching the Doctrines of Redemption, and the Divinity of Our Lord Jesus, is preaching Rebellion?

It is plain, the Major is his own; There is nothing but Rebellion preach'd in all the Meeting-Houses in *England*.

But in some of the Meeting-Houses in *England*, the Doctrines of Redemption by a Saviour, and of the Divinity of Jesus Christ, is preach'd.

Ergo, The Preaching the Doctrine of Redemption by a Saviour, and of the Divinity of Jesus Christ, is preaching Rebellion.

And, *Secondly*, From this same Position of his, 'tis as easy to prove him a Traytor.

There is nothing but Rebellion preach'd, &c. *ut supra*.

But in some of the Meeting-Houses in *England* it has been preach'd, That Obedience is due to Queen *ANNE*, as to our Lawful Sovereign.

Ergo, To preach that Obedience is due to Queen *ANNE*, &c. is preaching Rebellion —— And to say this, is Treason; and Denominates the Man a Traytor, as above.

As thus. He that moves the Subjects to withdraw their Obedience from their Lawful Sovereign, is a Traytor.

But to publish it in Print, that preaching Obedience to Queen *ANNE*, is preaching Rebellion, is moving the Subjects to withdraw their Obedience from their Lawful Sovereign.

Ergo, He that Publishes, that there is nothing but Rebellion preach'd, where Obedience to our Lawful Sovereign is preach'd, is a Traytor.

I could bestow a great deal of this Logick upon our worthy Author, and though it may be Course, I am sure it is Just. But to come a little closer to him, and be serious; The preaching of the *Dissenters* has always been what their Enemies have made the least exception to; and let this Scurrilous Author be referr'd to some of the Books publish'd by the *Dissenters*; as to Mr. *Charnock* on the Attributes; Dr. *Bates*'s Harmony; Mr. *How* on the Beatitudes; Dr. *Manton*'s Sermons, Mr. *Clarkson*'s, Dr. *Goodwin*'s, and Dr. *Owen*'s Works —— And let him shew us the Rebellion that is to be found among them; The Character the late Archbishop *Sancroft*, whose Learning and Judgment few will dispute, gave of that great Work of Mr. *Charnock*'s, was, that it was the greatest and best Performance of its kind in the World; and against what Clouds of Testimony does this Motly Churchman talk, and who is it he would call Honest Men? —— The Church of *England* acknowledging the Revolution, he esteems Perjur'd, Apostate and Schismatick, according to *Dodwell*. The *Presbyterians* in *Scotland* he calls Trayterous, which I think justifies the Title of Villain I gave him, for it is not my way to call Names. *Rebearsal*, N°. 21. *Trayterous Presbyters*, an unsufferable and Villainous kind of Language —— Again, The *Dissenters* in *England*, he calls *Preachers of Rebellion*: Thus he runs Riot at the whole World, and who are the *True Church*? —— The Case is plain, the *Jacobite Church* are the only Men —— These are the Remnant that have not bow'd their Knee to *Baal*; these are the Holy Seed that have not defiled their Garments, nor struck Hands with the People; the rest are all Traytors, Infidels, Schismatical and Rebellious, *Rebearsal*, N°. 21. This is really such stuff, that it has no other use that I know of, than to let the World know, what kind of a Spirit the *Rebearsal*'s *Party* is of —— And after all this, what is the poor Author of the *Review*, that he should not be content to be abused in so much good Company? I shall lay him a little farther open in my Next.

MISCEL-

MISCELLANEA.

Though I am intercepted, as I noted in my last, in the Affair of Trade, yet I muſt ſpare a piece of this Paper for an Occaſion particular enough

IN giving a late Deſcription of the Barbarity of our poor People in *England* to poor diſtreſs'd Mariners, when caſt away upon our Coaſt; I thought, I had ſaid enough to excite our Repreſentatives to purſue that excellent Bill now depending, for the preventing this horrible Evil for the future, and I thought, I had ſaid a great Deal of the Wickedneſs of our People on that Head; but the Printer hereof having reciv'd the following Letter of Particulars, in order to have it publiſh'd to the World, I could not but be willing to let the World hear ſuch a Caſe, which if it be true, is enough to fill the whole Nation with Abhorrence, and make ſuch an Act be the more freely purſu'd in the Parliament.

Mr. REVIEW,

I *Extreamly approve of your* Review *concerning the ill Uſage, which poor diſtreſs'd Men meet with, when ſhipwreck'd upon the Coaſt of* England, *and therefore am willing to add to your Work, which I think may be very uſeful to the common Intereſt, now the* Britiſh *Parliament is conſidering of Ways to remedy this Miſchief by a Law. It was about* 17 *Years ago, that coming to* England *from the Streights, our Ship was driven by the Fury of a great Storm into the* Briſtol *Chanel, inſtead of the right Chanel for the* Thames; *and here we run a great way in, till we made a little Iſland, they call* Lunday, *and very much to our Amazement we came a-ground upon a Sand, about five Leagues from this Iſland, where we lay in great Diſtreſs three Tides; but as happen'd that the Storm abated, and the Spring Tides coming on together, with lightning our Ship by throwing a great Deal of our Goods, which was Fruit from* Malaga, *over Board, we got off ——— All the while we lay here, the Country People came off in Boats to fiſh, what they could get of the Goods we threw over, and ſometimes would come by our Side; but the Maſter, who it ſeems was acquainted with the Country, would ſuffer no Body to come on Board, but charg'd his Men with Fire-Arms to keep them off, aſſuring us, that if they came on Board, and eſpecially in the Night, they would endeavour to do the Ship ſome Injury to prevent her getting off, or murther us all.*

Thus ſtanding upon our Guard, till our Ship fleeted off from the Sand, we put into a ſmall Port to refit, having damaged our Rudder, and put to Sea again; and coming round the Lands End, we met with a ſecond Storm about Torbay, *which drove us on a Lee-Shoar in the Night, and about* 50 *Miles off of that Part of* England; *'tis not material to name the Place; we were thrown upon the Shoar, and it was not long before our Ship broke to pieces by the Violence of the Sea.*

In this Diſtreſs, and a very dark Night, and not knowing where we was, we fir'd Guns for Help, but in vain ſome of our Men got into the Long-Boat, and put off; but whether they ever reach'd the Shoar, or were devour'd of the Sea, I never knew; it was my Lot with Five more of our Men to get upon a Spare Topmaſt, which we had on Board, and ſo committing our ſelves to the Sea, drove about upon this Piece of Wood all the Night, till about Day break, when we ſaw our ſelves near the Shoar, and two Boats making towards us, we rejoic'd at the Sight, not doubting but they came to help us; they row'd hard to come to us, which the more encourag'd us, for we were almoſt ſpent with Cold and the Beating of the Sea; they came up to us pretty near together, and it ſeems their Haſte was, who ſhould firſt get the Topmaſt we were upon; one Party got hold of it by one End, the other by the other; they hallow'd to one another it is Ours, and it is Ours; theſe pull'd at it, and thoſe pull'd at it— And taking no Notice of us, pull'd it with ſuch Jerks and Force, as was ready together with our Weakneſs to throw us off from it——— At laſt by their pulling it, and running their Boat againſt it, One of our Number fell off, and I never ſaw him more, nor did they take the leaſt Notice of him: we call'd to them to help

us,

us, but they took no Notice of us; one of our Men got to them, and without any Help got into one of their Boats, so we were three on the Mast; and whether it was their doing, or the Violence of the Sea, that did it, I know not, but we were all three struck off of the Mast at once; I could swim, and made for the Boat that was next me, but the Sea beating against me, I could not fetch her, and fearing to waste the little Strength I had, made for the Shoar, whither with great Labour and almost dead I at last got, but never saw any of my Fellows after; the wicked Boat Men, it seems, carry'd their Prize to some other Place, but without doubt they might as easily have sav'd all our Lives, as the Topmast; or had they let us alone, the Sea would have driven us on Shoar in a little time more.

If this Story is true, it needs to Comment, it needs nothing but to be recommended to our Parliament to consider, what Law ought to be made for a Sort of People, who would drown five Men to get a Spare Topmast.

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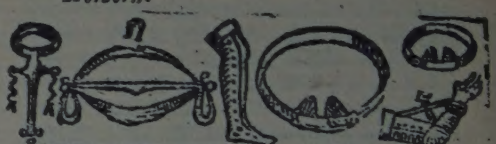
*** *She lives at the Golden-Ball in Hand-Court, over against great Turnstile in Holborn.*



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